THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

VOL. 9, NO. 33. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1854. WHOLE NO. 450.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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One year, payable within six months, $1,50
One year, payable after the expiration of six months and within the year, 2,00
One year payable after its expiration, 2,50

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

POETRY.

[From the Evening Post.]

THE OLD CHIMNEY-PLACE.

A stack of stones, a dingy wall,
O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A patch on which no shadows fall,
A door-step where long dock-leaves sleep,
A broken rafter in the grass,
A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Naught left but these, fair home, alas!
And the dear memories of old.

Around this hearth, this sacred place,
All humble, household virtues grew,—
The grandsire's love, the maiden's grace,
The matron's instincts deep and true.
Here first sweet words were lisped; here broke
Life's morning dream, and yet more dear,
The love that life's best impulse woke,
Grew warmer, gentler, year by year.

How cheerful, while the storm without
Muffled the earth and iced the night,
The ruddy glow gushed laughing out
On merry groups and faces bright;
How chimed the crackling, freakish flame
With rosy mirth or thoughtful ease,
Or, may be, syllabled the name
Of one rocked o'er the stormy seas.

What fairy scenes, what golden lands,
What pageants of romantic pride,
In the weird deep of glowing brands,
Saw the fair boy, the dreamy-eyed,
Till musing here, his spirit drew
Strong inspiration, and his years,
By Beauty's subtle nurture, knew
The paths of Nature's inner spheres.

Here, as the swooning embers sent
A faint flush through the quiet gloom,
In the warm hush have lovers bent
The fragrance of their heart's fresh bloom;
And, veiling in soft drooping eyes
Her tremulous joy, here blushed the bride;
Here, o'er pale forms in funeral guise,
Farewells from broken hearts were sighed.

This spot the pilgrim, 'neath strange skies,
Saw in his wayside dream: here stood
Old friends, with gladness in their eyes;
Here grew the beautiful and good—
Sweet friendships—faith serene and sure—
Manhood's strong purpose, warm and bold—
Courage to labor and endure,
And household feelings never cold.

Here, leaning in the twilight dim,
All round me seems a haunted air;
I hear the old familiar hymn,
My heart goes upward in the prayer
That made the night so full of peace:
Kind lips are on my brow—my ear
Hums with sweet sounds—they faint—they cease—
And night o'er all broods calm and clear.

H. N. Powers.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the American Union.

SECRET SERVICE;

OR,

The Broker's Ward.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"My God! not a dollar left! My poor pittance is all gone, and I have not a penny to pay this board bill with,' exclaimed Henry Standish, as he crushed up a bill of board which his landlady had just handed him.

Throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

When the strong man weeps, the heart is indeed touched. The young man had been four weeks in Boston in search of employment. He was a native of a thriving town in the northerly part of Vermont. Well educated, and of good address, he was qualified for the mercantile business, and his thoughts had always been turned in that direction.

For the several years previous to his departure from home, he had been employed in a store; but the sphere was too narrow for his ambition.—He longed for the excitement of the great metropolis, which he doubted not would furnish him a field co-extensive with his capacity and his desires.

With only a small sum of money, for he doubted not that he could step immediately into some lucrative situation, he bade adieu to the cherished home of his childhood, and departed for Boston.

Arriving there, he found his prospects not half so encouraging as he had expected. He had applied for several situations, but having neglected to bring along with him his testimonials of character, no one would give him employment in any desirable capacity.

He was surely disappointed, and not until his scanty means were exhausted did he awake to the full sense of his unfortunate position. There seemed to be no alternative before him, but to accept a situation in some menial capacity, a step at which his pride revolted.

His landlady had handed him her weekly bill for board. It was only five dollars, but all his money was spent, and the consciousness of his misery went over him like a dark cloud.

Retiring to his room he vented his sad feelings in exclamations of bitter disappointment.

"How now, Standish! What is the matter!" exclaimed his friendly room-mate, as he entered the appartment, and discovered the misery of the disappointed young man.

Henry raised his head, and thrust forward the bill.

'Fudge! you are not making all this fuss about that bill, are you!"

"I have not a dollar left."

"Cheer up, man; I will lend you a V," said his kind-hearted chum, drawing his pocket-book out, and taking therefrom a bank-bill.

"Nay, nay, Joseph, I cannot take it. I know not that I should ever be able to repay you," replied Henry bitterly.

"Nonsense, Standish; take it, whether you ever pay me or not."

"I cannot."

"Thunder, Standish, you must! you will learn how to borrow money one of these days."

Henry reluctantly took the bill.

"I have news for you—a chance to get into business."

"Then you have seen Mr. Harding!" said Henry brightening up.

"I have; he says that he has something for you to do. He wishes to see you, and promised to come here for that purpose."

"To come here!"

"Yes; and it is time he was here now," said the other consulting his watch.

Mr. Harding was a broker, to whom Henry had several times applied for employment and who had encouraged him to hope that his purpose was in a fair way of being accomplished.

A servant girl announced that the broker had arrived.

"He would come up, though I tried to make him stop below," said the girl in a low tone.

"Walk in sir; my apartment is but a humble one," said Henry in confusion.

"No apology, young man, you are not alone," returned the visitor, glancing at Henry's chum.

Joseph retired to an adjoining room, which connected with the one occupied by himself.

"You want business, young man!" said the broker, fixing the glance of his keen grey eye upon Henry.

"I do, sir; I have applied to you for a situation."

"I do not want a clerk, but I have a service of rather a delicate nature, that I wish performed.—You are a good-looking fellow, of easy address—in short, I have selected you from a thousand, on account of your prepossessing appearance."

Henry was astonished at this singular speech of the broker.

"I trust I shall be able to suit you," said he modestly.

"Exactly so—you will. The service I require is not a disagreeable task; most young men would be glad to do it without the liberal compensation I propose to offer you."

"Pray, what is the service!"

"Before I istate it, young man, I wish you to understand that all which passes between us must be kept inviolably secret. In a word you must swear to be silent, whether you perform the service or not.

Henry hesitated for a moment; but he was a beggar, and beggars are not so apt to hesitate as those in more comfortable circumstances.

"I promise."

"Promise—swear!"

"I do."

"If you are false to your oath, I'll tear your heart out!" said the broker in a deep, fierce tone.

"I would not betray your confidence, sir."

"Listen to me, then. I am the guardian of a young lady, who by the terms of her father's will loses her inheritance, if she marries without my consent—her estate comes to me. The fall of stocks has ruined ME; I must redeem myself.—Do you understand!"

Henry shrunk back in amasement at the cool villainy which Mr. Harding proposed to perpetrate; but his curiosty was roused, and with as much calmness as he could assume, the expressed his perfect comprehension of the broker's position.

"You are well informed; the women say you are handsome," continued the broker with a sneer. "Nature has admirably adapted you to execute my purpose; you must marry the girl."

"Marry her!" exclaimed Henry, in utter amazement.

"Ay, MARRY her! She is worth a hundred thousand dollars; I will give you ten when you have made her your wife."

"Will she consent to be my wife!"

"Fool! not unless you play your cards right. But she is romantic, sentimental—reads novels by the wholesale. I will introduce you as Count Fizzel, or something of that sort; you must do the rest."

Henry paused to consider. The idea of becoming a party to such a nefarious transaction, was repugnant to every manly feeling within him.—But he had sworn an oath, which sealed his lips so that he could not expose the plot, even if he refused to be engaged in it.

"I will make the attempt," said he, after a thorough consideration.

"Good; and as I suppose you are not flush of change, here is a hundred dollars to fit yourself out with."

The broker handed him the money, and promised to call in the evening, and introduce him to the lady.

"That was a precious scheme!" exclaimed Joseph as he re-entered the room.

"You heard it!"

"Mum, Stundish; I am not so nice about such things as some folks. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and when you come in possession I hope you won't forget old friends."

"I certainly will not," replied Henry, relapsing into a revelry.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Harding accompanied Henry Standish to the residence of his ward, and presented him as a highly esteemed young friend, for whom he claimed her special favor.

"Your friends shall always be welcomed, uncle Obed," said she, taking the hand of Henry.

Her uncle! great heavens! is it possible that a man can plot against his own flesh and blood!

Mr. Harding withdrew after a brief conversation, leaving Henry to win his way to the heart of the heiress.

There was that in the eye of the young man which is irresistibly attractive to a young maiden. He was well formed, with a handsome face, musical voice, and a winning manner. Amelia was strongly prepossessed in his favor from the first moment she saw him.

Henry perceiving his advantage, followed it up with energy, and ere half the evening had passed away, had produced an impression, on the heart of the maiden, which fairly opened the way for a conquest.

But he could not but reproach himself for the part he had accepted, and though he felt that his intentions were good, the consciousness that he appeared before the gentle girl in an assumed character, was anything but agreeable to lofty sentiment.

Amelia was a beautiful girl, and Henry felt that to be loved by her, was to him the delights of paradise in the midst of the cold, frowning world. When he departed for his lodging, his heart told him that even then, he had gone too far for his own happiness.

He had seen her, and could not resist the desire to repeat his vist. He went again; the effect of the visit was irremediable. She blushed when he was announced—she had thought of him in his absence—she loved him!

Henry continued his visits for several weeks; he had confessed his love, and received a warm pressure of the hand, in reply.

"I have deceived you, Amelia," said he, his mind was made up to continue no longer the cruel deception.

"Deceived me, Henry," repeated she, fixing her large, liquid blue eyes anxiously upon him.

"I have dearest; I am a poor worthless man—a beggar."

"Is that all? you never told me you were rich," replied Amelia, entirely relieved to find the deception was so harmless.

In a few words, Henry acknowledged the utter poverty and destitution which had surrounded him, and gave her the history of his past life.

"I am glad you are not rich Henry," said she, artlessly, when he had finished his recital; "it is so romantic to marry a poor man, so noble and gentle as yourself. I shall have the pleasure of enriching you now," and Amelia laughed gaily.

"Alas, dearest, I fear you will not even have that pleasure," returned Henry; and he narrated the particulars of his first interview with her uncle.

"Is it possible that uncle Obed can be so wicked!" exclaimed she, with unaffected astonishment; "dear me, how I pity him!"

"But, dear Amelia, we must part."

"Part! no."

"Your fortune will be sacrificed."

"Let it go, then; and I am heartily obliged to my uncle Obed for making choice of so noble, gallant and handsome a person to execute his purpose."

"Think what you do."

"I am satisfied; my decision is made. My uncle sent you to me to play the part of a villain; in the face of a strong temptation, you have done your duty and behaved as a gallant. Think you I cannot appreciate your devotion? I love you, sir knight—I care not for the fortune—let it go."

"But I am a beggar."

"Then let me be the wife of a beggar."

Henry folded her in his arms and imprinted a tender kiss upon her lips.

"Nay, love, fortune shall redeem us from penury; we will yet be happy."

"I have it now!' and Henry's brow contracted with the weight of a large thought, which had suddenly invaded his brain.

"Have what, dear Henry!"

CHAPTER III.

On the following day Henry and Amelia left for New York—for what purpose the imaginative reader can most easily divine.

The first intelligence that Mr. Harding received of the marriage, he obtained from the newspaper. Hastily leaving the office he made his way to the residence of the heiress which she occupied with a maiden aunt of hers, as her companion and house-keeper.

The happy couple were at home, and Mr. Harding was in high glee at the success of his plan.—In his calculating brain, he commended the diplomacy, skill and energy with which Henry had brought the transaction to its speedy termination.

Mr. Harding found the happy bridal party pleasantly disposed in the drawing room, ready to receive such company as might honor them. Appearance must be saved, and as the servant conducted him to the presence of the wilful girl, he contrived to work himself into a tolorable passion.

"What does all this mean, Amelia!" exclaimed he, in loud, authoritative tones.

"My husband, uncle Obed," said she, with charming naivete, as she rose and went thro' a mock presentation.

"Your husband, indeed!" sneered the broker. "If I mistake not, I have not been consulted in this affair."

"No, uncle, it was *my* affair."

"I never was more confounded in my life,' continued Mr. Harding, evincing a well feigned surprise, "than when I read your marriage in the papers."

"You will be in a moment, though," tho't Joseph Jones, Henry's chum, at the boarding house, who either by accident or design, was a visitor at the same time.

"You no need to have been surprised, uncle; you know I am a wild, willful girl."

"You are aware of the terms of your father's will!'

"I am."

"You have sacrificed your fortune, of course you never expected me to consent to your union with a beggar."

"You ought not to have brought him here then, uncle."

"What do you mean girl."

"Nothing, uncle Obed; but you will not be so cruel as to deprive me of my inheritance!" said Amelia, looking mischievously at him.

"Shall I put it in your hands for this gentleman to run through! No, I will make over to him the sum of ten thousand dollars. The provisions of the will shall be strictly enforced."

"So far so good, Mr. Harding, I shall claim the residue of her fortune," said Henry, who had been only a listener.

"Sir! you!"

"Sir I!" replied Henry, putting a bold face upon the matter.

"By what right will *you* claim it!" asked the broker, exasperated by the impudence of his "tool."

"As this lady s husband, of course."

"The terms of the will," observed Mr. Harding; "she could not marry without my consent."

"You *did* consent!"

"I! it is false!"

"Did you not actually *engage* me to marry the lady!"

The broker's cheek paled, and his lip quivered.

"No!" thundered he. "It is a lie."

"I have proof," said Henry, quietly.

Mr. Harding staggered back overwhelmed by the consequence of his villainy.

"I heard the whole of it—ready to swear in court if need be," added Joseph Jones.

The broker was frightened at the idea of a court.

"We shall meet again!" said he, glancing fiercely at Henry.

"Let us hope that we may not meet in yonder prison," said Henry, sternly. "The plan you had formed, and narrated to me, sir, was infamous beyond expression. If I had refused to become your confederate, another less scrupulous might have engaged in it, and this lady had been sacrificed by your rascality; I came with the intention of exposing all; but her fair form and gentle heart so strongly impressed me, that I was weak enough to use the advantage with which you had armed me. At another time I did expose the whole scheme; your neice married me in my proper character, and not as your esteemed friend! If I have wronged her, God forgive me!"

"That was the happiest day of my life when you brought Henry Standish to my presence, uncle," added Amelia, laughing heartily.

The broker waited to hear no more. He had overreached himself, and he dared not even attempt to revenge himself or punish the voilated oath. In due time, he reluctantly put Henry in possession of Amelia's fortune, and they are now as happy as love and opulence can make them.

Joseph Jones has received that V, with interest, and never has had occasion to regret that he befriended Henry in the hour of his need.

Some oaths are better broken than kept.

The Baby's Complaint.

Now, I suppose you think, because you—never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, although I never say anything more about it How should you like every morning to have your nose washed *up*, instead of *down!*—How should you like to have a pin put through your dress, into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night!—How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel.—How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little, fat useless fingers! How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all of a tremble! How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty bright candle, and find out that it was way across the room instead of close by! How should you like to tire yourself out crawling across to the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away, as soon as you begin to enjoy it! I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached! How should you like, when your mamma dressed you up all pretty to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she gossipped with one of her cronies! How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the little children who insisted upon seeing the "baby's feet!" How should you like to have a dreadful pain under apron, and have every body call you "a little cross thing," when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matter with you! How should you like to crawl to the top stair, (just to look about a little,) and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom! Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby! Such a thicking as we keep up; and if we try to find out anything, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby who is in a hurry to know everything and can't wait to grow up.—*Little Fern's for Fanney's Little Friends.*

Customs of the Turks.

Here is a whole volume concerning the customs, manners and habits of the Turks, contained in a single paragraph:

"The Turks abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which, with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on the hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left on the threshold; the slipper and not the turban is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of a table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head; they remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and their upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at and not mingled in, except by slaves; their mourning habit is white; their sacred color green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follow immediately on death. The deaths of the women are not registered—those of the men are. Marriages are registered, and with the marriage the woman is virtually struck from existence, so far as the government is concerned.—She is not known officially to the government of Turkey. Her "lord" or husband, does with her as pleases him best."

Letter from the Arctic Explorers.

The following highly interesting letter, from a member of the American Arctic Expedition, under the command of Dr. KANE, we find in the New York Tribune, to which journal it was communicated by the friends of the writer. It will be read with interest, as furnishing the first information which has reached us, from our countrymen, shut out from friends and the world, amid the eternal ice-barriers of the Polar seas:

UPERNAVIK, Greenland, July 23, '53.

"I shall never forget my obligations to you for letting me go. I can only say, that if ever I get back, and live to get married and have a son, I will send him on an Arctic expedition like this, if I can find one. It makes a man of one to see what dangers men can meet and ward off, and at last learn to look with contempt upon. Such inspiring sights, too! The sun shining day and night on these naked precipices, and the great whales, and the greater icebergs! I wish I could think you would not laugh at me if should attempt a fine description of the icebergs. They are what you would call the prevailing architecture of these regions, and I declare to you we have now met so many that to see a new one creates no more feeling in my breast than a house additional anywhere up town. At this moment we have more than two hundred in full view—two hundred and sixteen counted.

"I will be obliged to you if you will inform my father, and the rest, how little they need fear for our safety. No one has apprehensions on board for anything, if Dr. Kane keeps well. He don't like to have questions put him about his health, you know; but I believe his rheumatism is much better, though he keeps thin. He has gone through a good deal, too, since we got here. Those wild people (they are all fat and fur, like winter possums) hate to part with their wicked devils of dogs, and Dr. Kane had to travel through the country to buy them up. He had to traverse the fiords between Kangeit and Carsuk, if you know where that is, and thence to Upernavik, the party camping out and sleeping under buffalo robes, and living upon birds they cooked upon the rocks. They were out nearly all last week in their open boats, and found it hard work, I believe. They made fifty miles at a single pull.

"Dr. Kane, however, has obtained everything he wanted—sledges, harnesses and dogs, reindeer, seal and bear furs, boot moccasins, walrus lashings, and a great many articles with whose names I am as yet unacquainted. And all this without losing a moment's time; for the calm had lasted till now, and everything has been transacted without our coming to an anchor.

"As soon as the right wind blows, we are off again. All those whose authority is valuable, declare we have had a very fortunate voyage. I will now inform you of our future. I have what I say from the first authority; you may therefore rely upon it.

"On reaching the highest navigable points on the eastern point of Smith's Sound, that is, wherever by the utmost effort our negro hard headed brig can be butted, Dr. Kane seeks a harbor in some intended cape, if possible projecting into the channel, and opening to the south and west. Such, both by theory and experience, Dr. Kane deems best suited for protection and an early liberation from the ice.

"The moment we are in harbor, the very instant, starts the Provision Depot Foot Party.—This Fall Expedition the experience of the British has declared impracticable, (impolite,) but we save days which are golden in their value, and perhaps may carry the boat to some valuable point for future embarkation and search. The boat is already prepared, the pemican bags stowed upon its floor, and her name, *The Forlorn Hope*, is painted upon the stern. She is twenty-five feet long, and carefully strengthened. A breast bar or transverse piece of timber is so adjusted across her gunwale as to admit of the pushing action—the most effective application for the purpose of the human force of eight men, Dr. Kane walking in advance to pick the way. She carries an India rubber housing for the night, or rather the sleep, for the night will be perpetual, and a sledge upon which we can temporarily place her cargo.

"It makes some of our boys feel queer when we look at the boat. With this little craft, we, or rather they, (for I do not know that I will be detailed,) have to sail, row, drag and pull, over all the alternate ice and water, till they give out entirely, and can go no further with her. They then return on foot to the vessel, leaving the Forlorn Hope to her fate, after carefully walling her in with ice, to keep her precious store from the wolverines and bears. So much of their journey will be in the midst of the winter darkness, that the party will have to find their way back to the brig guided by the stars and moon. I rather think whoever stays on board the Advance, will receive them with a welcome of some hot coffee.

"Then comes the work—the work for us all—next spring. There is the right spirit, sir, you may depend upon it, resting with our company.—I rather guess we'll carry the American flag as far north as any of the English naval gentlemen, with their fine names, and uniform, and equipments; but we'll do it with the right feeling.—You have no idea how, by having Sir John Franklin as the object of our search, and his picture hanging in the cabin, and always thinking and talking about him, what a remarkable place he has in our minds. We consider he is where Dr. Kane thinks he is; but if he is anywhere else, we will go after him. If he is gone to Heaven, poor man, why, then, as in Sir Humphrey Gilbert's case, perhaps seeking him will be our shortest way of getting there."

A New York paper tells of a market woman who, last fall, was holding some pumpkins in her apron, when a fresh-caught cockney came along, and commenced poking them with his rattan, exclaiming, "I 'ope you don't call them *large* happles; they ain't 'alf as large as we 'ave them in Hold Hengland." "Apples! them ain't apples; them is only huckle-berries," replied the woman.

Honor thy Mother.

"Come on, boys; come on!" shouted Harvey B to a group of his playmates.

"Where! where!"

"Let's go down to the river and have a good skate; I'll show you how to write out your names scientifically."

"Yes, come on! let's go," answered all of them.

"Where are you going, Millard!"

"I am going home."

"Come on, don't back out."

"I dare not go without the consent of my mother."

"Coward! coward! coward!" cried all the boys.

"I would not be such a child as to ask my mother to permit me to go where I wanted to."

"I'm not a coward," replied Millard, his eyes flashing, and his manly form erect; "I'm not a coward! I promised my mother I would not go where there was any danger, without first obtaining permission from her."

"He is right," said George; "I am going home to ask my mother, also."

"You can wait, or go on, as you choose," said Millard; "I am going immediately, and he turned on his heel, and walk on with George.

"Let him go," cried Harvey; "they are the milk sops; we're the bravos," and he ran forward to the river, followed by all the boys.

It was early in the spring, and the sun was thawing the ice very fast, which made it dangerous to go on it, and for this reason Millard would not go.

Harvey was a bad boy, he respected neither father or mother, he prided himself on his manliness, smoked cigars, and was coming on very fast.

Millard respected his mother, obeyed her in all things, loved all his playmates and feared God.

How many Millards and Harveys I wonder there are who read the Sun every week? I think not many Harveys.

Dear boys, do you always obey your mother?—Do you respect her? If I was to say you did not love her, you would be very much shocked, would you not! Well, you must prove your love, by obeying her always.

As soon as a boy thinks he is too old to obey his mother, scorns her counsels, standing at the corners making remarks on all who pass, then it is all up with him. I would not think much of him, but pity him, and think of his poor mother, his wasted youth and her unhappy old age. Many a ruined man looks back to the time when he first disobeyed his mother when he was tempted to do wrong, as the stepping stone to all his misery.—If you have the moral courage, you will never fear to be called a coward. The real coward is he who disobeys his mother from fear of ridicule. —*Phil. Sun.*

Very Good.

A Rev. Mr. Lunderlin, of Vermont, is accountable for the following. It is an extempore effusion on a festival occasion—an extract;

"And now we might rest, but there's one bit of scandal against Uncle Sam, which his enemies handle, they say he's diseased with a black headed cancer, and to cover it up, they insist will not answer; that some of his girls that raise sugar and cotton, from the self-same disorder, are fast growing rotten. Mrs. Stowe in her book says the black spot is slavery, upheld and prolonged by political knavery; and for this Madame England has invited her over, to feast on good things, like a pig in the clover. Now, of course, we *all* know without any teacher, Hattie Stowe's a smart woman because she's a Beecher, and it is right for the Stafford House folks to fly at her, and fondle, and toast her, and pet her and pat her; but we must not forget in the midst of the bubble, how Uncle Sam came at the first by this trouble; 'tis true, the mark's on him, and pesters him badly, and when the right time comes he'll part with it gladly; but let them remember, these Stafford House weasels, this same mother England has caught the black measels, *she's* spotted the child while in that situation, and now she turns round and vents *her* indignation. But it's hoped he'll be patient, and firm and enduring, and that soon he will meet with an actual curing. The prescription we make is to purge out the nation, by a thorough emetic of colonization. Far better than all your Congressional nursing, than the spit fire and spite of fanatical cursing; than your snobs of reform, your humbug and quackery, if you don't believe this you may ask Mr. Thackeray."

Young America.

"Ding—ding—ding—boy lost!—boy lost!—boy lost!" echoed and re-echoed through the fog, on Thursday morning. "Hello, there, old fellow!" cried a shrill voice from some invisible varlet of the thousand one scouting about the city, "Who set you to work crying 'boy lost!'" The crier stopped and waited the approach of his saluter, answering that the bereaved parents of the 'boy' had promised him a dollar to cry their loss through all the wards of the city, and three dollars if he found the boy. "Come on then," said the new boy, "we'll go snucks in the trade if we find the boy, and if we don't—why, I won't ask a cent." "Agreed," was the word; and after putting the "bell boy" through a ring and a cry of a mile or two, by way of exercise, the little rascal stopped before his own door, when his mother came out, rejoiced to meet him, with the three dollars in her hand. "Hold, mother," said he, "half that money belongs to me, and you'll just be kind enough to hand it over!"—*Detroit Advertiser.*

The human hair (light hairs) held up to the sun, presents all the phenomena of the prism, giving the various colors of the rainbow. Isolated hairs will give at their end the circle, colored as the rainbow. The hair, therefore, is proved to be triangular, and possessing the properties of the prism.

"How do you like the President!" asked an "in" of an "out." "Not particularly; he don't turn out as well as I expected," was the reply.